

The Musical World.

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MDME EDITH WYNNE, having Returned to Town from her autumnal tour is at liberty to accept **ENGAGEMENTS** for Concerts, Oratorio Performances, &c. Communications to be addressed to her at 61, **BOUNDARY ROAD, St John's Wood**; or to **Mr VERT, 62, New Bond Street, W.**

MDLE COULON begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has **RETURNED** from Paris.—5, **BULSTRODE STREET, Cavendish Square, W.**

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MDME EDITH MURRAY and **MR JOHN CROSS** will sing **NICOLAI's** charming Duet at the **Cavendish Rooms, Nov. 3.**

"WHY DID I LOVE HER?"

MR JOHN CROSS will sing "**WHY DID I LOVE HER?**" (composed for him by **HENRY PONTET**) at the **Cavendish Rooms, Nov. 3**, and throughout the Season.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" (Quartet) will be sung at **Mr John Cross's Concert, Cavendish Rooms, Nov. 3.**

ASCHER'S "ALICE."

MR ARTHUR L'ESTRANGE will play **ASCHER's** admired Romance, "**ALICE**" (transcription of "**ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?**") at **Penzance, Oct. 4**, and subsequently at **Camborne, Falmouth, Devonport, and Plymouth.**

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR LEONARD POYNTER will sing (by desire) **ASCHER's** popular Romance, "**ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?**" on **Monday, Oct. 4**, at the **Penge Institution.**

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR J. H. PEARSON will sing at **Croydon** (by desire), on **October 7th**, **ASCHER's** popular Romance, "**ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?**"

"TIS ALL THAT I CAN SAY."

MR ISIDORE DE LARA will sing **HOPE TEMPLE's** new song, "**TIS ALL THAT I CAN SAY**" (Poetry by **TOM HOOD**) at the **Dilettante Circle** on **Monday next.**

WATSON'S "SABRINA."

MR MICHAEL WATSON will play his popular Valse de Concert "**SABRINA**," at the **City of London College**, on **Saturday, Oct. 13.**

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"AMOUR INQUIET." Idylle (played by the Band of the Royal Horse Guards). Composed for the Pianoforte by **LALLIE ALBRECHT.** Price 4s. London: **DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.**

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"FALSE FRIEND, WILT THOU SMILE OR WEEP?" Poetry by **SHELLEY**, Music by **J. W. DAVISON**, is published, price 4s., by **DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.**; where may be obtained "Swifter far than summer's flight," and "Rough wind that moaneth loud," Poetry by **SHELLEY**, Music by **J. W. DAVISON.**

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"THE TIME OF ROSES" Song. Composed expressly for and sung by **Mrs Osgood**. Words by **THOS. HOOD**. Music by **MINA GOULD**. Dedicated by special permission to **H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne**. Price, with coloured Frontispiece, 3s. net; with plain, 2s. London: **DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.**

"This song has had special favours bestowed upon it. The composer, **Mrs Gould**, is well known for her efforts on behalf of the **Victoria Hospital** for Children at Chelsea. Concerts organized to raise funds for that excellent institution by this lady have always been highly successful, and **Mrs Osgood's** singing of "The Time of Roses" has been a feature of each entertainment. Bouquets and baskets of the queen of flowers were offered on more than one occasion as applause. Two settings of the song—one in A flat for soprano, and one in F for contraltos—can be had. Of late years amateur musicians are entering the field with professionals, not only as executants, but as composers."—*Literary World*.

NEW SONGS BY HENRY PONTET.

"SONG AND SUMMER." Sung by **Miss JESSIE ROYD** 4s.
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COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The series of concerts, under the direction of Messrs A. and S. Gatti, came to an end on Saturday night. The programmes of the week were marked by the variety and interest that have distinguished them from the beginning. The symphonies Nos. 7 (in A) and 8 (in F) of Beethoven, completed the promised list of six to be given entire, including excerpts from Nos. 2 and 9, as already recorded, but nothing from the always fresh and spirited No. 1, to which should have been assigned the place of honour, if only because it was the first of the "immortal nine." The performance of these by the excellent orchestra which Mr Cowen has the good fortune to direct, left little, if anything to desire. Communicating with a publisher at Vienna, with regard to several works on hand, Beethoven, while referring somewhat disparagingly to the others, said he could assert with confidence that the Symphony in A was one of his very best, and the approving verdict of posterity has shown that in this instance at least an author was not the worst judge of the offspring of his genius. The whole is superb; but the middle movement, *allegretto*, is something apart, something that Beethoven alone could have imagined. Why he called the No. 8 "the little symphony," except for the reason that it came between No. 7 and No. 9, which "crowned the edifice," it would be as difficult to explain as why certain critics have styled it the "Ballet Symphony," for, although it is one continuous stream of melody, there are passages in the final movement which belong as exclusively to Beethoven as any in its seven precursors, or even in its immediate successor.

On the "Classical Night," when the Symphony in F was given, there was another orchestral composition in the same key, quite worthy of its companionship. This was the overture to *Melusine*, about which Mendelssohn, who composed it, on account of his dissatisfaction with the prelude to an opera by Conradin Kreutzer bearing the same title, writes such pleasant letters to his sister, Fanny Hensel. There was also the *scherzo* from Schubert's great symphony in C (his No. 9), played with so much spirit as to make us regret that the whole work was not included in the programme, which, in the circumstances, would have been impossible. Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto in A minor, although it had already been admirably played by Mr Hallé, was not the less welcome from an artist of such genius as Mme Essipoff. We have rarely heard this fine work performed more sympathetically, or with more unerring mechanical precision. The phrasing of Mme Essipoff is perfect. Her expression is never overdone, nor does she ever torture a theme, to set forth—as one of the heroines in Molière's *Précieuses Ridicules* happily denominates it—"le beau de la chose." The melody, on the contrary, comes from her fingers as naturally as it must have come to the fancy of the composer. With this, which in itself constitutes a charm, are combined a touch light and elastic, a tone capable of infinite gradation at the will of its possessor, and an invariably intelligent appreciation of the author she is interpreting. The foregoing applies equally well to Mme Essipoff's playing of other music, of which she has given several examples, not the least attractive being a "Theme with variations," by Jean Philippe Rameau, the French musical theorist and dramatic composer of the eighteenth century—author of the *Démonstrations du Principe de l'Harmonie*, besides many operas—about whom it is related that, when Quinault (as though in anticipation of Wagner) said, "The poet is the servant of the musician," he replied, "Qu'on me donne la Gazette d'Hollande et je la mettrai en musique." Rameau composed many pieces for the harpsichord, and the "Theme with variations," introduced by Mme Essipoff, is an especial favourite. It must be taken, nevertheless, *cum grano*; for what the accomplished Russian pianist adds to it, in order to enhance its effect, would have somewhat astonished the composer of *Castor et Pollux* himself.

On the English night there was a very attractive programme of music by native composers, including overtures to the *Bride of Abydos* and the *Light of the Harem*, the first by Mr A. Jackson, the second by A. G. Thomas—both, we believe, promising students in our Royal Academy of Music; besides the "Dove Dance," and "Spring Dance," from Mr A. Burnett's *Hagobert*, and Mr Cowen's cantata, the *Rose Maiden*, shorn of three numbers, in order, we presume, to find room for other pieces. Happily the work is known, and has found, as it deserves, many admirers; at the same time we cannot but think that the three numbers omitted were among

those that might with greatest advantage have been retained. The leading singers in the cantata were Miss Mary Davies ("Rose Blossom"), Mme Patey ("The Gardener's Daughter"), Mr Edward Lloyd ("The Forester"), and Mr Maybrick ("Spring"). That these artists fulfilled their duties ably and zealously may readily be imagined. The choral parts—as in the *May Queen* of Sterndale Bennett, and *Lalla Rookh* of Frederic Clay—were intrusted to the Brixton choir, under the direction of Mr Lemare. The vocal music during the week calls only for praise. On the "Classical Night," for instance, Mr Santley sang, in his best manner, Schubert's "Adieu" (apocryphal, like Mozart's "Addio"), "The Shepherd's Lay" of Mendelssohn, one of the most genial and charming melodies of that composer, and J. L. Hatton's "To Anthea," which ranks among the finest of English songs. Mr Santley should give us more of Schubert's *Lieder*, seeing that he enters so thoroughly into the spirit of them. At the same concert Misses Annie Marriott and Orridge gave Rubinstein's graceful "Wanderer's Night Song," and Miss Damian the somewhat hackneyed "Ah! rendimi qual core" of the "Seventeenth century" Rossi. Miss Orridge too, has taken up English Songs, presenting, among others, Mr F. Hueffer's "My love, my own," and Mr S. Kemp's "Tis sweet to win a smile," and imparting to each the true expression. Mme Patey, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Mary Davies, Mme Antoinette Sterling, Miss Annie Marriott, Mr Arthur Oswald, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Edward Lloyd (an extraordinary favourite at these concerts—and no wonder) also contributed largely to the vocal attractions of the week. Everyone of them sang on Saturday night, when the benefit of Messrs Gatti, although the prices of admission were doubled, brought the usual crowd. On this occasion the "Humorous programme" was, for the third time, repeated with the addition of an excerpt from the charming music written by M. Delibes (composer of *Jean de Nivelle*) for the ballet of *Sylvia*. The second part began with a capital performance of the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, and comprised among other things, the selection from the *Pirates of Penzance*. Messrs Gatti may be congratulated on a season not only successful, but deserving of success; and Mr Cowen, their new conductor, on the skilful manner in which he has varied, and thus kept up, the interest of the entertainments. About the extra "Humorous Nights" on Monday and Tuesday, it is enough to add that in place of the "Toy Symphony" of Romberg was substituted the *Kinder-Sinfonie* of Haydn—a change decidedly for the better. Haydn, like Mozart, joked spontaneously, which can hardly be said of Romberg.

This evening will commence a new series of Promenade Concerts, under the direction of Mr Samuel Hayes, with Mr Weist Hill as conductor—one more capable than whom could not easily have been selected.—*Times*.

DROPS FROM A WATER-BOOK.

v.

The late Mad. Pleyel should have been called Mad. Playwell, for nobody ever played better than she—when in the mood. Liszt always played best when he forgot himself.

PAUL MOIST.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.—The magnificent new Operahouse has had, even before its opening, a narrow escape from being burnt down owing to the carelessness of a workman. It was only by the greatest exertions that the flames were extinguished, after having destroyed a large quantity of wood-work. The opening, when the Emperor will be present, takes place on the 19th inst.

NAPLES.—Some time since, Wagner had a slight attack of erysipelas in the head, and his physician ordered him to drink waters at Gräfenberg. Wagner, however, preferred to wait a little before undertaking so long a journey, and the erysipelas gradually died away. The journey was consequently abandoned. "The Master's" return to Germany is as yet uncertain.

MUNICH.—The operatic novelties at the Theatre Royal will include *Carmen*, with the newly engaged bravura singer, Mdle Basta, in the title-part; *Ekkehard*, by the Stuttgart *Capellmeister*, Abert, (composer of *Astorga*); and *Die Wikinger*, by Hallström, composer of *Der Bergkönig*, already known to Munich. The King of Sweden, who is a great musical amateur, has had (it is reported) a share in the composition of *Die Wikinger*.—(Poor Hallström!—Dr Blüger.)

PROFESSOR MACFARREN ON MUSIC.

Professor Macfarren, the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, on Saturday addressed the students at the Academy in Tottenham Street, Hanover Square, on the inauguration of the new academic year. There was a numerous attendance, among those present being Professors Walter Macfarren, Brinley Richards, W. Shakespeare, H. C. Banister, A. H. Jackson, F. R. Cox, E. Fiori, S. Holland, H. R. Eyers, E. Fanning, W. H. Holmes, F. B. Jewson, A. O'Leary, H. Thomas, and Mr John Gill, the secretary. Professor Macfarren said they had one common bond which bound them all in mutual interest—their devotion to music, which united them in such a manner as to make their connection and relationship for the life long. He dwelt on the responsibilities of the professors and the manner in which they discharged them, observing that the pupils had not come there for a bald technical education. There was a higher function in the duties of the professors—the function of moral influence, which they exercised in a marked degree upon the pupils confided to their care. Referring to the sub-professors, he said the appointment was the highest honour that could be paid to a student, the committee selecting for it those among the pupils who were most advanced and were best deserving, and thus giving to them the peculiar advantage of being taught to teach. The professors, however, were responsible for the progress of the pupils who were placed under the sub-professors. He then asked those who were pupils to consider what their duties were in the Academy. They came not to study music as an amusement. It would degrade the wonderful subject which engrossed their life's attention to regard it for a moment as a pastime and recreation. If they entered into the pursuit of that study it must be the prime, he could almost say the sole, object of their attention, and other subjects which engaged their thoughts should all bear upon that one chief consideration. To be a musician was, in itself, a great and glorious privilege. He regarded it as a very high privilege to be entrusted by the committee of management with the office which he held, as it made him the medium of communication between all of them and the committee, and gave him the hope of being the means of cementing the friendship which he believed existed among all of them. Addressing them as musicians, he asked them to think for a moment what was the important calling of an artist. He reminded them of Schiller's beautiful apologue of the division of the earth and of the complaint of the artist to Zeus that there was no portion of the world left for him. "Yes," said the King of the Gods, "you are not unregarded. I will say for you, the heart of man. Be that your study and your empire." All the arts were connected, and the reflection upon one another enhanced the beauty of each. In sculpture they saw the imitation of natural forms, and from that they took their word that art was the imitative power of reproducing nature. In painting they had form with colour added; in acting they had form, and colour, and gesture; in literature those three qualities were lost; but in uttered speech they had the thoughts of the persons who were the subject of the work of art. It must be borne in mind, however, that Goldsmith said, and Talleyrand quoted, that speech was given to man, not only to express his thoughts, but to conceal them, while music had a higher function than the expression or concealment of thoughts. Music uttered what was beyond the reach of words, and whereas speech might describe our feeling, music went beyond the description and produced the feeling itself. Architecture had been claimed as the fittest analogy to music, in that neither reproduced natural objects; but architecture was based on natural principles of geometry, perspective, and proportions, and it had the power of conjuring in the thoughts of the beholder images of the mind apart from images of the building—feelings of reverence, or lightness, or respect, or gaiety. Music could awaken all those ideas—the highest sublimity, the lightest mirth, and it could present every shade of feeling between them. With the knowledge that they were studying that most intense, most delicate subject, they could not for a moment feel that there was anything trifling in the pursuit they were undertaking. After urging them to make the best use of the talents they possessed, he drew attention to the class for acoustics and the operatic class, and observed that recent times had very much strengthened the general desire among musicians at large to obtain particular distinctions for their artistic qualifications. They now proceeded to Universities for degrees in very far larger numbers than until recent years, and the Universities had made the standard of excellence to which the degrees testified very far higher than formerly. In one University in particular, a knowledge of acoustics was imperative in every candidate who obtained graduation. In the Academy every opportunity for musical study in every department was open to them. The class for acoustics was under the care of the present examiner of the subject in Cambridge University. There seemed in the operatic department to be more appearance of amusement; but if it was to

be sought as an amusement only, the study of operatic music could only be degraded to triviality. Still, there was not the severe tax on the attention in that particular branch of study that there was in the scientific subject to which he had just alluded—the subject which touched upon the grandest phenomena of nature, and which showed the source of music itself. The operatic class was open to singers who need not necessarily have a view to theatrical performances, and the experience of the past few years had proved that to practise with action gave a freedom to the performances of singers who aimed at nothing further than the concert-room or the drawing-room, and took from them certain restraints which impeded good qualities until such freedom could be acquired. Dealing with a "tender subject" to them all—the result of the annual examination—he said it brought gratification to all of them, but with the gratification there were several disappointments. The obtaining of medals should be regarded as a secondary consideration in their studies, for they must bear in mind the many circumstances which might interfere with success at an examination. An examiner could take no account of what was yesterday or would be to-morrow, but could only inspect what passed under notice at the very moment of the trial, and the idea was fallacious that work was to be slackened, or painstaking abandoned because no prize was gained. In support of this contention he referred to *Alceste* and the tragedy by Euripides, which was offered in competition at the Olympic Games, and failed of a prize. Mr Browning's beautiful poem of "Belaustion's Adventure" had given a transcription of the play, which was involved in the story of the failure of the Athenian's war upon Sicily, and the hardships to which the Sicilians subjected the Athenian captives. The captives, however, recited verses of Euripides from the play of *Alceste*, and so charmed the Sicilians that for every one who could recite passages from the play indemnity from service was accorded, and they were released from their bondage. He concluded, amid warm applause, with which his remarks had been frequently greeted, by quoting the last two lines of the poem he had referred to—

"It all came from this play which gained no prize;
Why crown whom Zeus has crowned in soul before?"

HAYDN'S CREATION.

The following is a copy of the concert bill announcing the first performance of Haydn's *Creation* in Vienna:

"To day, Tuesday, the 19th March, 1799, there will be performed in the Imperial and Royal Theatre near the Burg

THE CREATION,

An Oratorio set to music by Herr Josef Haydn, Doctor of Music and Conductor to Prince Esterhazy.

"Nothing can be more flattering to Haydn than the applause of the public. He has always striven most zealously to merit it and has had the good fortune to obtain it oftener than he dared to expect. He now hopes, in the case of the work above announced, to meet with the same feeling which to his great comfort he has hitherto gratefully found exhibited towards him, but at the same time he would beg that, should there be any occasion for the manifestation of applause, he may be allowed to consider such applause as a highly esteemed mark of approval, but not as a command for the repetition of this or that piece, because otherwise the close connection of the separate parts, from the uninterrupted succession of which the effect of the whole should spring, would necessarily be disturbed and the pleasure of the public, which perhaps too favourable a reputation has led them to expect, be necessarily weakened.

"To commence at 7 o'clock.

Prices of admission as usual. Books of the words to be had gratis at the Box-office."

[What a pity Haydn should not be among us now, in the flesh, to preach against the abominable nuisance of "encores"!—Dr Bridge.]

VIENNA.—Mad. Marie Wilt will appear next year at the Imperial Operahouse, the obstacles hitherto preventing her doing so having ceased. On the representation of the Intendant-General, Herr Wilt stated that he was ready to free Mad. Wilt from her agreement not to sing again in public. The new era at the Imperial Operahouse has not commenced well. Von Dingelstedt is too ill to enter on his duties, while Meyerhofer, Scaria, and Walter, discontented with the cast of an opera recently performed, have tendered their resignations as stage-managers, which resignations the Intendant-General has declined to accept.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

These admirable entertainments, so well and zealously directed by Mr August Manns, will be resumed a week hence, beginning the twenty-fifth season with a programme full of interest. The prospectus just issued is stocked with good things; and, as the directors of the Crystal Palace musical department are noted for doing what they pledge themselves to do, a series of concerts may be expected equal in variety of attraction to any of its precursors. Among the pieces to be given for the first time are a symphony, entitled *Summer*, by that astonishingly prolific composer, Joachim Raff; another by Schubert (in D major), an early work, of course; a *scherzo*, by Cherubini, the one in G minor from his E flat quartet, we may presume; and a serenade by Mozart, which will most probably turn out to be *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* (in G), composed originally as a quintet—both for the whole body of stringed instruments in the orchestra; an orchestral *suite*, entitled *Roma* (which Mr Weist Hill announces as a symphony), by Georges Bizet; overtures by Schubert and Walter Macfarren; and, last not least, a MS. symphony by Sterndale Bennett—which “it is hoped may be produced.” Of course the acknowledged repertory of great works, by the execution of which, under the direction of Mr Manns, the Crystal Palace orchestra has earned fame both at home and abroad, will be largely drawn upon; but these must speak, as they have so often spoken, for themselves. That the services of artists of the first class, vocal and instrumental, are engaged it is almost superfluous to add. At the opening concert the first important novelty, Raff's *Summer* Symphony, will be introduced, the pianist being the justly renowned French artist, Mme Montigny-Rémaury, who, among other things, is put down for Schumann's *Concertstück* in G, a work but seldom heard in public, and the vocalist, Mrs Osgood.—*Graphic*.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

(From the “St James's Gazette.”)

We are this year, it seems, to have four months of promenade concerts, which, if audiences really walked about during the performance of the music, would be tiring. It might be an advantage at these entertainments to do away with the promenade altogether. The good music which is now included in every programme could be better appreciated if it were quite understood that it was to be generally listened to, and that it was not being played merely as an accompaniment to the moving to and fro of promenaders—drawn now in the direction of some favourite singer, now, when music of a peculiarly serious character is being performed, to the refreshment buffets. It is certain, on the other hand, that a good number of amateurs have been attracted to Messrs Gatti's Promenade Concerts both by the classical music and by the works of contemporary English composers whose interests Mr Cowen has looked after in a praiseworthy manner. If a prejudice is entertained on the Continent against English music, one can in a measure excuse it by reason of the little that English composers, as compared with the composers of Germany, Italy, and France, have done in the past. But in England there is really no ground for the feeling, amounting with some to animosity, entertained by most Englishmen (1) against English music—the music of English composers, one should rather say; for, as Rossini once remarked in conversing with Ferdinand Hiller on the subject of nationality in music, there are only two kinds of music—“good and bad.” During the final week, or indeed for two weeks past, the great attractions at Covent Garden have been the so-called comic concerts (2), and the pianoforte performances of Mme Essipoff. The playing of Mme Essipoff is not comic at all; for more perfect execution and more graceful expression than hers is rarely heard. The great success, however, of the last fortnight has been the comic concerts. Crowds have not invaded and forced their way into Covent Garden Theatre to hear the Russian pianist (3), but they have filled the place, in managerial language, to overflowing on the nights of the so-called comic concerts; and it may be interesting to consider in what the comicality of these concerts consists. Mme de Staël has somewhere in *Corinne* a passage on the species of melancholy—melancholy, of course, of a sentimental kind—inseparable from the hearing of music. One of Shakspeare's heroines expressed Mme de Staël's idea more neatly when she said that she was “never merry when she heard sweet music.” But Viola (4) had never heard Romberg's *Toy Symphony*, or Mozart's *Musical Joke*, or Haydn's *Farewell Symphony*, or some modern English composer's

burlesque of Mendelssohn's “Wedding March.” At least one of these effusions might have rendered her something more than “not merry,” and even profoundly sad. No one, however, ought to take a gloomy view of Mozart's *Musical Joke* or of Haydn's *Farewell Symphony*; while at the first hearing it is impossible not to be amused by Romberg's *Toy Symphony* (5).

The fun in this last-named work consists in certain solo instruments of a trivial and burlesque character being introduced on the usual orchestral basis of stringed instruments. It is desirable not to know beforehand that Romberg means to make you laugh. In that case the unprepared listener is quite taken by surprise when, after hearing some bars of tolerably interesting music, the sound of a penny trumpet, a child's whistle, a baby's rattle, the nursery drum, is suddenly introduced. This means of effect showed ingenuity on the part of the first musician who conceived it (6); but once admitted into the secret of the jest, it is difficult afterwards to be diverted by it; and a second performance of Romberg's *Toy Symphony* is about as exhilarating as the repetition of a familiar conundrum. Such humour as belongs to the *Toy Symphony* of Romberg lies in the assignment of tolerably good music to intolerably bad instruments. Mozart, in so many of his operas, has shown himself such a master of musical comedy that one scarcely likes to deny the humour of his *Musical Joke*. But would there be anything comic in it if the music were played throughout in tune, in time, without the extravagant passages and the false notes, which cause astonishment and laughter, but are not necessarily humorous. There is plenty of fun in Haydn's *Farewell Symphony*, or *Departure Symphony* as it might be more appropriately designated. Here the players leave the orchestra one by one, blowing out the candles of their desks as they leave, until at last not one of them remains. However amusing all this may be, the amusement does not proceed from the music, but from the walking away one by one of the performers and the gradual diminution of the orchestral mass occasioned by the series of departures. In one of the recent comic concerts Gounod's “Funeral March of a Marionette” was introduced, perhaps for the sake of variety, in order that the audience might not absolutely die of laughter, but apparently as an appropriate item in the professedly comic entertainment. There is nothing comic, however, in this graceful composition (7), except the title and what the title is intended to suggest. There is, however, a glimmering of humour in Glinka's orchestral *scherzo* on the motive of the Little Russian peasant dance known as *Kamarinskoid*. There is at least something droll in the idea of harmonizing and orchestrating in every possible manner this rustic tune, which is usually sung and played without any elaboration of the kind. Whatever decision musical “aestheticians” may come to as to what constitutes the comic in music, or whether the comic in music really exists—apart, that is to say, from intentional musical blunders, which may be fitly compared to mistakes in spelling and errors in grammar—there was much that was interesting in these comic concerts which might, perhaps, have been more correctly if less tersely described as concerts of musical curiosities. Let it be quite understood, moreover, now that the concerts conducted by Mr Cowen are coming to an end, that the programmes have contained an unusually large proportion of fine music. The classical nights—though these were by no means the only nights on which classical music has been performed—were particularly interesting.

(1).—“Most Englishmen,” went do Mr Silver. Some Englishmen, if you please; and these know little or nothing about English music. (2).—Not “comic concerts,” but “humorous,” my Shaver. (3).—The Russian pianist played on the first two “Humorous Nights,” which were the most crowded of the five (without omitting the benefit of those excellent directors, Messrs A. and S. Gatti, at which she did not play), and must have had her share in the attraction as she certainly had (and deserved) more than a share in the applause and encores. (4).—Viola said nothing of the kind. For Viola read Jessica. (5).—I was not at all amused with Romberg's *Toy Symphony*. I was amused with Haydn's *Kinder-Sinfonie*. (6).—Romberg was not “the first musician who conceived it.” (7).—“Graceful”? Oh!—Yours truly, Dr Bledge.]

1,000 GUINEAS FOR AN ANSWER.

Mr Punch begs us to explain, “Why is the discovery of the North Pole like an illicit whiskey manufactory?”—and on our giving it up, answers on his own account:—“Because it's a secret still.” How can “a discovery” be a secret?—Dr Bledge.

MICHAEL IVANOVITCH GLINKA.

(Continued from page 615.)

One day, on his return from a walk, Glinka found Meyerbeer waiting for him and conversing with Pedro in the courtyard of the hotel. The interview of the two musicians was a long one; Glinka was then in all the fervour of his Gluck-worship. He had never seen any opera of his god performed, and he naively asked if Gluck was effective on the stage.

"That," replied Meyerbeer, "that is the very place where he is grandest. . . . Would you like to be convinced of the fact? I will write to Berlin and ask the Director of the Theatre Royal to play one of Gluck's operas for you when you pass through. There are four in which the company are always up and which can be put on the stage at a day's notice. You can choose and say which you would like to hear: *Alceste*, *Armide*, or one of the two *Iphigenia's*."

It is not without a sorrowful thought of France that one reads these words of the King of Prussia's illustrious *Capellmeister*. Poor Grand Opera of Paris, duckylosed in its repertory of seven or eight works, and for which nothing exists of a magnificent and glorious past save Meyerbeer's four operas with *Guillaume Tell*, *La Juive*, *La Favorite*, and, perhaps, *La Muette* (1) for *Don Juan* itself is on the eve of vanishing! (2). It is true we still have *Der Freischütz* weighed down by pompous recitatives. But can this fantastic arena, the proper arena for which seems to be some other theatre than the Grand Opera, supply the place of Gluck's masterpieces which have disappeared for so long from the bills? Were we to give the reins to our thoughts, we should find in this subject a theme for distressing reflections. Every year the *dilettanti* of Vienna, Berlin, and Munich, hear, at least once, with religious respect, *Iphigenia*, *Orfeo*, *Armida*, and *Alceste*. Since the Théâtre-Lyrique—(that of fifteen years ago) closed its doors, Gluck has not been heard on a French stage. Yet the great master's works are ours; they form a part of our glory, a portion of our national patrimony. Were they not written among us, for us, and under our inspiration? We ought to make it a question of honour to preserve them—to show them with pride as testimonies to our intellectual superiority, as the homage paid by a foreign artist to the legitimate supremacy of French genius (3). Like Meyerbeer, Gluck came to Paris after working for a long time in Germany and Italy, and it was in France he composed his finest scores, the only productions of his which deserve the admiration of posterity, because they bear the stamp of that high artistic reason which, in modern times, is the appanage of France and crowns her with a luminous aureole among nations (4). It was from Paris that the rays of Gluck's genius were shed upon the world, because it was there only that his music assumed the character of universality which causes the masterpieces of French art to be of all times and of all countries (5). There are, besides Gluck, other composers whose glory we claim on the same ground, and yet whose worship has died out among us. To speak only of grand operas, Cherubini with his *Medée*, and Spontini with *La Vestale* and *Fernand Cortez*, have a place assigned them in the repertory of foreign theatres. Studios Germany honours and applauds these works, products of Italian genius which flowered under the sky of France. We do not even know them. We leave to others the task of preserving the altars which were raised by our hands, and which we have illogically deserted. Bad as this state of things is, it would not be quite as deplorable if it was the result of a desire to find something new, to encourage production, and welcome the works of future masters! (6). It is sometimes perilous to push forward beyond the beaten path; there is the danger of making a false step and injuring one's self by falls; but, on the other hand, there is a chance of discovering more extensive prospects, a clearer sky, unknown scenes, and sunlit landscapes! All this, however, is disregarded. The manager of the Opera is bound to produce only one grand new work a year, and the unhappy theatre cannot contrive to satisfy even this modest condition. Why then should we deprive ourselves of the productions of the classical period; why abandon to oblivion works which desire at least to be remembered; why allow to die that which, with a little care, would perhaps still live? (7). The National Academy has often been compared to a musical museum. Do we see the curators of the Louvre throwing out of window the canvases of the old masters which are not to the taste of the day? The stream which keeps growing broader and broader, rolling from the mountains to the sea through a continually widening channel, carries along and

blends with its tributaries the drop of water it drew from its source, often so modest. What a magnificent theatre that theatre would be which, rich in the conquests of the past, taking from each epoch the greatest works of that epoch, and, adding at each step, a jewel to its treasures, would thus advance towards the future! (8). We are, alas! very far from such an ideal; the repertory of the Opera seems to resemble the cabalistic parchment, which, in de Balzac's story, the old broker sold to Raphael, and which shrank fatally at each new effort! Our contingent diminishes from day to day; we are now reduced to the minimum (9). Like ruminants chewing incessantly the same cud, we listen in turn to our eight operas; no sooner have they finished vibrating in our ears than they begin again, and again we must hear them. It is only from time to time that the tender sighs of *Faust*, the profound reveries of *Hamlet*, and the splendour of *Le Roi de Lahore* (10) interrupt the monotonous procession in which the works of which we have given the short list above, appearing and disappearing to re-appear and disappear again, put us in mind of the super-numeraries at the Cirque. One feels almost inclined to fancy that some blind and stupid demon, like another Popilius, has drawn a narrow circle around our Academy of Music and said: "You will not step outside that circle! Your subscribers shall live and die in a state of universal and absolute indifference. They shall know nothing of what is going on around them. They shall be ignorant of the present, and they shall forget the past, except as regards a few works which are not all masterpieces (11), and to which they shall listen always—always!" And to think that artists of the first class, on the stage and in the orchestra, are wearing out their existence in this unvarying round.

We are not inditing any particular administration; we are not endeavouring to run down one person at the expense of another. The shortcomings we have pointed out have existed too long for this. Consequently, we accuse no one, or, rather, we accuse everyone, for in our opinion it is a most distressing proof of the musical inferiority of our nation to see the subscribers of the Opera, rich and enlightened *dilettanti* (12), contented with the collection of works, eternally dished up again, which constitutes what we have agreed to call the repertory. This inferiority must disappear; the education of the public, thanks to symphonic concerts, has made immense progress. The state of things under which we groan will not last. At least, let us hope it will not.

But to return to Glinka's *Memoirs*. Meyerbeer kept his word with the author of *Rossini*. On his way home, Glinka stopped at Berlin. He called on the Director of the theatre and expressed a desire to see *Armide*, and, with the King's permission, that work was performed in consequence.

"The effect of this music on the stage exceeded my expectation. Nothing can be more enchanting or more seductive than the garden scene in D major. The third act is grandiose. . . . Mad. Kester was very good as Armide; she sang correctly and acted very well. The orchestra acquitted itself of its task with correctness and simplicity. The *ensemble* was more than satisfactory. In the way of scenery, I admired a scene re-producing a landscape of Claude Lorraine's. It was the seventy-fourth performance of this masterpiece. The house was full."

After hearing, also, in Berlin *Der Tod Jesu*, a rather weak oratorio of Graun's, sung by the Vocal Association, he rejoined his sister, Mad. Schestakof, spending the winter at St Petersburg and the summer in the country at Tzarsco Selo. It was there that he wrote his *Memoirs*. He began an opera, *The Bigamist*, but soon threw it up, and, on the 27th April, 1856, left Russia for the last time and went to Berlin. His proximity to the Convent of St Sergius occasioned his writing a three-part "Ectenia Na Obbiedi" ("Kyrie, eleison"), and attracted his attention to sacred music. It was to study thoroughly the tonal system of church-song that he resolved on going to Dehn again. In Berlin he spent ten months, peacefully and contentedly. Two letters, written there, tell us all that is essential about his sojourn.

TO DR HEIDENREICH, ST PETERSBURGH.

"Berlin, 26—14th July, 1856.

"My dear good friend, Louis Andreievitch,—

"You will not be angry, will you, if, after sending my card, I come to bother you a moment or two, and shoot off a few lines at you. First let us talk business; I will speak of myself afterwards. It is probable that I shall make my *début* here as a composer. Everyone is won over to the notion; Meyerbeer himself strongly urges it.

I should like to have entered on this new career with the 'Polonaise' which I wrote for the coronation of their Imperial Majesties. You may fancy what it will be: an excellent orchestra of 80 musicians, 12 first violins, 12 second, 10 altos, 7 violoncellos, and as many double-basses. Why refuse to make the experiment? Therefore, if you care about me as much as you once did, be good enough to do as follows as soon as possible. Opposite you, in the Newski Perspective, stands the music shop of Vasil Denotkine. I made him a present of my 'Polonaise'; he cannot refuse to let me have a copy of the orchestral score, the more so since, as you know, I do not trade in my works, and, if my 'Polonaise' is success here, it is he who will profit by the fact. I gave it him and I will give it to nobody else. Be good enough to call and ask him for it. The expense of copying and carriage will be re-paid him by my sister, L. J. Schestakof. My address is Marienstrasse, No. 6. And now two words about myself. I am more happy here than I can describe. Germans are decidedly an excellent institution, good and conscientious, (*accurate*). They thoroughly please me. I shall be able, consequently, if Allah permits (*si Dios quiere*) to live here in quiet. I have been nearly falling into the clutches of a horrible homeopathist, who, with the title of Geheimrath, exercises his savage sway in these latitudes. He treated me to some triumphant bella-donna globules. Of course I have left him and entrusted myself to a doctor of your sort, my dear friend, one of those whom I call cultured allopathists. As little medicine and as much exercise as possible—such I believe, is the treatment for me. I walk several verstes every day. I work a great deal with my master, Dehn. . . . Your devoted friend, "MICA."

[(1)—"Perhaps *La Muette*" is good. As if *La Muette* was not worth a dozen *Favorites* and 100,000 *Juives*! (2)—*Don Juan* will take care of itself, without the aid of the Parisians. (3)—"The legitimate supremacy of French genius" when music is concerned is good. The French can't see the difference between *La Muette* and *La Juive*, the one an inspiration from first to last, the other a laboured piece of dull patchwork. (4)—"The luminous aureole among nations" is also excellent of its kind. The only Parisians who have really an appreciation for music (Berlioz *v.* Wagner and Wagner *v.* Berlioz don't count, being merely reflexes of political sentiment) are those who attend the concerts of Colonne and Padeloup (among whom the Finnish *Pölkka*). (5)—"The masterpieces of French art to be of all times and all countries" is also supereminent. When they have really got a masterpiece they don't understand it (*La Muette* and *La Juive*, again, for example). (6)—"To push forward the works of *future masters*," speaks for itself. How push forward works not yet in existence? (8)—That theatre would really be "a magnificent theatre;" but unfortunately the "Grand Opera," as regards repertory, is the most miserable in all Europe. (9)—I should like to know what can be the "*minimum*" which has no *maximum* except a bare cipher! (10)—"The splendour of *Le Roi de Lahore* baffles speculation. *Le Roi de Lahore* is an opera in five acts. *Voilà tout*. (11)—"Not all masterpieces" is magnificent beyond superlatives! How many of them are "masterpieces"? (12)—"Rich and enlightened *dilettanti*!" Oh! (*La Muette* and *La Juive* again.) The conceit of the Parisians about their Grand Opera is really intolerable. Even their Opéra-Comique is wasting into a shadow. When they get a work like *Carmen*, really original and instinct with vigorous life, they fail to appreciate it. *Enfin*—Bosh!—JAUNE LE NOIR BLANC.]

(To be continued.)

VIENNA.—For her second appearance at the Imperial Operahouse, Miss Kellogg sang the part of Philine in *Mignon*. The performance very considerably increased the success she had already achieved here; it was a triumph, all the more significant because the result of technically perfect art and pure artistic taste. The lady's prepossessing appearance, however, together with her elegant bearing and picturesque costume, contributed something to the general effect. In the first and second acts the spectator might have fancied an entrancing creation after Watteau. The public followed the lady's vocal displays with ever-increasing attention, till, after the final air, adorned with rich *bravura* ornamentation their delight culminated in enthusiastic applause. Mad. Ehnn, as *Mignon*, had one of her good evenings. She was in admirable voice. Walther was good in Wilhelm, as was Horwitz effective in Lothario. In fact, the whole performance went off with spirit, before a full house.—*Neues Wiener Tagblatt*.

THE DUKE OF MUDFORD AND BUMBLEDOM.

There is a bond of sympathy between Dukes and Beadles which is not altogether for the public interest. The Duke of Mudford is not only allowed to fatten upon Mud-Salad Market, but he is allowed this privilege on cheaper terms than his neighbours. He is rated with the lightest possible parochial touch. He is allowed the free use of dozens of so-called "thoroughfares," and for his Market proper he is put down at the far too moderate assessment of £10,000 a-year, with an additional £1,200 a-year for the new Flower Market. His theatres are favoured by the local authorities to an almost equal extent. The huge area of Drury Lane Theatre is only rated at a few more annual pounds than the Gaiety Theatre, which is less than half its size, and Covent Garden Theatre, with its vast annexe, called the Floral Hall, is equally a pet of the parish. These two colossal properties are put upon nearly an exact equality with the little Vaudeville, the smaller Olympic, and the smallest Strand. The humour—the practical fun—of Bumbledom does not end here. The Lyceum is rated at nearly £500 a-year less than the Gaiety, though it is practically half as large again, and the Globe and the Opera Comique are let off, for some mysterious reason, for little more than half the rates levied on the Olympic and the Vaudeville, though their holding capacity is just double. The Adelphi is unfairly treated by being assessed at nearly three times the amount levied on the Opera Comique or the Globe, as it can hardly claim to be more than a fourth larger than these houses.

There is a grim pleasure in drawing the attention of Theatrical Managers to these beauties of parochial taxation. The new assessments have just been made, and the old assessments were more unequal still. There is no appeal, and nothing can be altered for the next five years. Such is the elasticity of Local Self-Government.

Punch.

MUSICAL EXAMINATIONS.—The number of candidates examined in music during the last twelve months by the various examining bodies is unusually large. Trinity College, London, heads the list with 5,669. The University of Cambridge comes next with 1,185; the Society of Arts third, with 596; and the University of Oxford last, with 281; the combined total being 7,731 candidates.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Messrs Gatti have brought their series of concerts successfully to an end. The "Humourous" programme was not only given three times last week, but repeated for two especial occasions on Monday and Tuesday last. A very happy change in the selection was the *Kinder-Sinfonie* of Haydn, in lieu of the *Toy Symphony* of Romberg—a spontaneous ebullition of humour for a dry and laboured attempt. The most genuine humourists have always been the greatest men; and this holds good from Shakspeare down to Haydn and Mozart—not forgetting Beethoven, who, when in the mood, could be as humorous as any of them. The brilliant Russian pianist, Mme Annette Essipoff, appeared every night last week—except on Saturday, the "benefit" of the directors. Highly as she was esteemed before, she has risen still higher in the opinion of English amateurs and connoisseurs. But irreproachable as have, without exception, been her performances, whether in the "classic" or *ad captandum* school, the acme was reached by her marvellous execution of Schumann's Concerto in A, which Mme Schumann herself, the gifted widow of the gifted composer, has never in our remembrance surpassed. It was perfection. Mme Essipoff, as is her custom, played without book. But that mattered little; her own mind was the book, and the spirit of Schumann governed it. Mendelssohn kissed the hands of Marie Pleyel, after listening to her performance of his G minor Concerto, at the Leipzig Gewandhaus; Schumann, had he been alive and present, might with equal propriety have kissed the hands of Mme Essipoff. The engagement of this accomplished lady, in fact, conferred unwonted lustre on the final week of the season. All the pledges of Messrs Gatti having been fulfilled, and their concerts more or less fully reported week by week, it only remains to compliment them on their well-merited success, and to add a special word of praise for their conductor, Mr F. H. Cowen, who, by his judiciously considered programmes, strict adherence to the plan of the so-denominated "Classical Nights," and impartial encouragement of such indigenous talent as may in future exercise a certain influence upon native art, has won for himself deserved consideration.—*Graphic*.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1880.

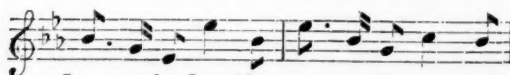
Kundry and Parsifal.



KUNDRY.—Thou quitt'st me, Booby Parsifal!
PARSIFAL.—I dine at 2 with Bors and Galahad.
KUNDRY.—It's now but 12—
PARSIFAL.—I'm going first to catch the Graal. (*Escapes.*)
KUNDRY.—A squall upon your Graal! Gruel for you and pap!
Where's Hans? (*Faints.*)

Voices from afar.

GALAHAD.—Here's the Grail!
BORS.—All hail! (*Aside.*)—I can't see it.
GALAHAD.—Here's the Grail!
BORS.—All hail! (*Aside.*)—I can't see it.
GALAHAD.—Here's the Grail!
BORS.—All Haal! (*Aside.*)—I can't see it.
GALAHAD.—Ho! (*Flies upwards into space.*)
BORS (*jumping into the lake and swimming*).—Ah! what's that?
A sword?
LADY OF THE LAKE (*arm and hand only seen*).—Yes—a sword.
Thou hast said it. Now for thy beard! (*Shears BORS of his beard with Excalibur, and sinks to the bottom of Lake.*)
BORS.—Oh Beardless Bors! And am I come to this? (*Swims on to the inaccessible island of Avelion.*)
VOICE OF PARISFAL.—Go not that way. Await young Galahad.
BORS (*almost exhausted*).—Bother Galahad! (*Sings*) Give me his father, Cousin Launcelot. (*Sings*):—



Laun - ce - lot Launc' - lot res - cue thy cou - sin !
—Bors the Beardless is my name! As vile a name as "Champagne Charley!" (*Sings*):—"Champagne Charley is my name."—No, no—as Bors the Beardless shall I descend into the mouldy swamps. (*Sees the arm brandishing Excalibur, and dives.*)

Schluss Folgt.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN is about to re-visit Germany, where she earned so many laurels but recently. She has engagements at various towns, not the least important of which is Leipsic, where she is again to play at the famous Gewandhaus Concerts, under the direction of Herr Reinecke. That Miss Zimmermann will, as before, do infinite credit to the country of her choice, none who know her superior talent as an artist can doubt. She leaves us at the end of December.

TETRALOGY.

I.

Mr Goldberg has returned to London from Fontainebleau (*which the forest of he clomb treebitreely squirreldefiant empouching gum and twigs His hair has turned green but he looks of years blither ten and is still verdant to a leaf.*—JAUNE LE NOIR BLANC.)

II.

Mr G. Alec Osborne has returned from a survey, or "plein savoir," of the wilds and wolds of Italy. (*Not a limb or extremity of that laughing peninsula did tha gallant Hyberne disciple of Alexander ab Alexandro leave unscathed bringing back Adriatic mussels to last him for pending Hyems Ver and Auster dining with Wagner after Matins on Cistercian oysters at the bottom of Vesuve the Crater teeing after vespers with Hawk of the Minniemines supping with Canon Liszt and Papa at the Vatican and not going home or leaving Rome till morning He looks of years blither eleven.*—JAUNE LE NOIR BLANC.)

III.

Herr Schuberth has returned to town, after a highly successful tour in the South of France (*first class carriage all the way performing on the cello out-window to the amazed and leapingly enchanted bees stopping for restoration at every Amiens-dix-minutes-d'Arrêt—Publique (forbidden) l'Arrêt (forbidden) Publique La Republique (now permitted) for café au lait-petit-verre He looks of years blither twelve.*—JAUNE LE NOIR BLANC.)

IV.

ANNETTE ESSIPOFF leaves Hamburg to-morrow (*so much the worse for Hamburg.*—JAUNE LE NOIR BLANC) traverses Germany (so much the better for Germany. Oh! that I were Germany thus traversed.—JAUNE LE NOIR BLANC) and returns to Wien hereafter (Oh! that I were "Wien" there and ever after I would style myself "Vienna."—JAUNE LE NOIR BLANC.)

SIR JULIUS and LADY BENEDICT have returned to London, all the better, we understand, for their trip to Germany.

AMONG the audience at the last concert of the Messrs Gatti (Tuesday) was Mr W. Ganz.

IT is announced that Mr F. C. Burnand is making an English version of *Lolotte* for Mr Bancroft and the Haymarket company. —*Parisian.*

SARAH BERNHARDT will conclude her provincial tour at Nancy, on Friday, with *Frou-frou*. When at Lyons the Consul of the United States presented the gifted actress with a magnificent flag of flowers. —*Parisian, Sept. 30.*

POPULAR PROMENADE CONCERTS.—A new series of Promenade Concerts begins this evening at Covent Garden Theatre, under the direction of the well-known and highly respected *entrepreneur*, Mr Samuel Hayes. The prospectus gives it plainly to be understood that we are to expect less "classical" than "popular" music. That we shall have good music and a good orchestra, however, may be gathered from the fact that our eminent English conductor, Mr Weist Hill, is engaged as general superintendent. The dance music, too, which is to be made a special feature, could not be entrusted to more competent hands than those of Herr Gungl, whose cordial reception here, some years ago, must be well remembered. "National Festivals," with choral and ballad music of various kinds, not merely English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish, but French and German, are to constitute prominent features on special occasions, the choir being that founded and trained by Mr Weist Hill himself. Jullien's never-to-be-forgotten "British Army Quadrille" is announced for "every Saturday night;" and among the most interesting of the "novelties," we are promised an orchestral symphony, entitled "Roma," the only work of the kind which Georges Bizet, composer of *La Jolie Fille de Perth* and the universally popular *Carmen* has bequeathed to art.

TO ARTHUR SULLIVAN, ESQ.

SIR,—Frederick Hannibal Cowen has completed his third orchestral symphony. It is (like his No. 1) in C minor. Where's your "D"? Sir Flamborough awaits it. Hans Richter the Terrible is going to play the C minor of Cowen in Vienna. Your obedient servant,

YAXTON LAST.

The Shallows, South Wales.

UNKNOWN SYMPHONY BY STERNDAL BENNETT.

It is a pity that so humorous a writer as "Cherubino" of the *London Figaro* should occasionally commit himself to statements about matters of which he knows nothing at all. Who has been his adviser as to a new symphony by Sterndale Bennett? Whoever he may be (and he is not far to seek), he is just as ignorant about it as "Cherubino" himself.

LONDON CONTRASTED WITH OTHER CITIES.

The pleasure experienced in leaving this huge metropolis and taking a holiday, is not half so great as that in returning to it when the holiday is over. We are all fond of change, and fly like venture-some birds to other climes, only to discover on returning the beauties of our native land. I speak more particularly of visits made to towns and cities, for I am quite alive to the fact that—

*There is pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.*

London, take it altogether, is the most agreeable place in the world to live in. Its air is sweeter and purer, its roads are wider and better, its houses loftier and more commodious, its water may in some districts be less plentiful, but taken throughout its wide extent of ten square miles, is freer from impurities than in most large towns, and its streets are lighted throughout in a manner that no place one quarter its size can display. The green parks of London are beautiful, and it has also squares with gardens to purify and invigorate its teeming myriads. Its road-ways are not disfigured and made noxious, as (for example) in Liverpool, by the excessive plastering of asphalt, and its houses are better painted and kept cleaner than those in most large towns. It has its poorer districts, but point to one where the children and women go shoeless and stockingless? It has its improvident inhabitants who, slipshod and unwashed, disfigure certain districts; men and women whom dissipation has reduced to beggary, and its working classes may contrast unfavourably with those of Paris and most French towns, at least, in the matter of dress. But, taken altogether, London surpasses Paris in its sanitary arrangements. Its streets are sweeter in summer and cleaner in winter. It is true, Paris has showy quarters; always kept swept and garnished; but it has also unsavoury districts, hardly bearable to an Englishman in summer. Any attempt to liken the largest and wealthiest German cities with London is so much to the prejudice of the former that the contrast becomes painful, and even the pretty places resorted to by tourists will not bear too close an examination as regards the comfort of the inhabitants, and it is questionable whether they could exist at all without the aid of American and English travellers. To England we return after a tour with startling evidences not only of its wealth but its beauty. Its grass is greener, its trees are fresher, and its dwellings better kept than in any continental city I have visited. The intellectual life of London also startles those who have been accustomed to look only upon the surface of society. Its literary and philosophical societies are not only numerous, but liberally supported, attended, too, by ladies as well as gentlemen, and rational amusement is obtained in proportion. Good music is not only cultivated in private, for London alone boasts of no less than 145 amateur societies; but during one season we hear more publicly performed than in any other city that could be named. Take some of the most difficult instrumental works of a highly classical character, performed only at grand orchestral concerts during the past season, as an illustration. All Beethoven's symphonies were given in consecutive order both at the Crystal Palace and at the Richter concerts. The Pastoral was played no less than five times; twice at the Crystal Palace, once at the Richter concerts, once at the Philharmonic, and once under Mr Ganz. The C minor was given four times; No. 3 and No. 7 three times each. Fourteen symphonies, more or less new to an English audi-

ence, were produced, twenty-seven concertos, with orchestral accompaniments, swelling up the total to 157 instrumental pieces of a more or less representative character. This does not include many performances given where vocal music constitutes the principal attraction. In the list I have not included concerts before the regular season or at the end of the year, such as the Promenades at Covent Garden. 157 works were presented with full orchestra by the Philharmonic Society, the Crystal Palace, the Richter series, and Mr Ganz—thirty-three concerts in all. After this can it be justly asserted that London refuses to patronize music? If my information is correct, the first series of Richter concerts were attended with a loss of £400, the second series resulted in a gain of £800, but it is said that the members of the orchestra accepted lower terms. In the coming season we have reason to hope that a like success will attend all musical performances of the highest attainable excellence. It is not to be expected that inferior performances can attract; nothing short of comparative perfection will now satisfy the musical patron. His love of the art causes him to contrast one representation with another, and nothing can compensate for insufficient rehearsals, and careless conducting. We have the material at hand; all we require, therefore, is the skilled and enthusiastic tactician, so to put the parts together, and so harmoniously to combine the excellences of the one that the defects of the other may be hidden. I say we want skill, but we want enthusiasm also. A short time ago I attended a rehearsal where a military band had to take part with the orchestra of the Crystal Palace company. The pieces selected were chiefly in the light *ad captandum* style, yet the conductor tried them over and over again. This was the conductor who has so often taught us how Beethoven should be approached. "Your ability and execution," Jullien once said, after a heavy rehearsal of dance music, "will exalt the work, gentlemen, for a trifle well played gratifies more than the finest symphony carelessly executed." August Manns is of the same opinion.

PROSPHOR (*Brighton Guardian*).

IMPROMPTU FOR MUSIC.*

Our Barbagriggia's taken in
And likewise Ferox Scotty;
Then let us grin at Lohengrin,
And say what's "Wot" is wotty.

If Barbarossa's lost his head,
Like Saint-Säens and Parry,
I can but tell him "Go to bed!"
"Sleep sound on it, and tarry."

If Barbe-Bleue has joined the crew
The worse for that old sinner,
Who, though a dozen wives he slew,
Was never late for dinner.

In old Greenbeard I'm much afraid
We've got another en'my!
Should this be so 'twill be a blow
For all the lot—O Gem'ni!

Then Barba Green and Barba Blue,
And Barbas Grey and Rossa,
May cast their lot with Ferox Scott
And settle in Opossa.

* Copyright.

SIMON HALF.

[“Opossa”? No other rhyme, I suppose. “Sat a gee” in *The Pirates of Penzance* will afford wild licence to poetasters like Mr Half. Gilbert Grossmith! you have much to answer for.—Dr Blidge.]

SIGNOR ARDITI sailed for New York on the 23rd in the “City of Richmond,” with Colonel Mapleson, Mme Gerster, &c. The rest of the company take their departure this week, and the season will commence in October.

SIG. SCHIRA has returned from Milan, having made all the requisite arrangements for the opera he has for some time contemplated. A new work from so accomplished a pen would be thrice welcome in these barren times.

Brown's Letters to Hueffer.

(Continued from page 608.)



LETTER VII.

My Lord,—From what has been said of the foregoing classes, it is evident, that none of them are at all calculated to express any emotion which approaches to agitation. Their peculiar characteristics, dignity, tenderness, elegance, are suitable to the more temperate and finer feelings; their subject, in short, is sentiment rather than passion. This last, however, affords yet a very wide field for musical expression; and, perhaps, it is not going too far to say, that the more violent the passion, the more apt the expression of it is to receive additional energy from the power of music. The kind of airs which go under the general denomination of *aria parlante* is that whose peculiar province is to express violent emotions of all sorts. As, on the one hand, the necessary connection between the subject of the *portamento*, the *cantabile*, and the *aria di mezzo carattere*, with the respective length of notes, and, of consequence, slowness of measure, which has been mentioned as characteristic of each of these classes, is evident; so, on the other hand, the incompatibility of emotions, in any degree violent, with slow and deliberate utterance, is equally evident. The circumstance, from which this class takes its denomination, being the acceleration of speech, common to all emotions whatever of the impetuous kind, it comprehends, of consequence, a large variety with respect both to quality and degree. It may be said to take up expression just where the *aria di mezzo carattere* leaves it. Some airs of this last class, of the liveliest cast, may approach, indeed, so near to some of the *parlante* of the least agitated kind, that it might, perhaps, be difficult to say to which class they belong; but, as soon as the expression begins to be in any degree impetuous, the distinction is evident, as the degree of passion to be expressed increases the air, assumes the name of *aria agitata*, *aria di strepito*, *aria infuriata*. Expressions of fear, of joy, of grief, of rage, when at all impetuous, to their highest and most frantic degrees, are comprehended under the various subdivisions of the class. Here rhythm has its peculiar province, the effect of this kind of airs depending, perhaps, chiefly on its powers. The instrumental parts are here likewise of great efficacy, particularly in the expression of the more violent passions, giving, by the addition of a great body of sound, and by the distinctness and rapidity of their execution, a force and energy to the whole, which could never be the effect of a voice alone, however flexible, however powerful; and if it be allowed that the beating of a drum has, in consequence of certain principles of sound and rhythm, a considerable effect on the mind, and that ten drums have a proportionably greater effect than one, it must, I apprehend, be also allowed, that sounds more beautiful, and as distinct, far, infinitely more capable, from their duration, to mark the rhythm by distinguishing pause from length of note, must have a similar effect on the mind—finer, however, and more powerful, in proportion to their superior beauty, accuracy, and other advantages. The instruments here, far from being restricted to the mere support of the voice, are called in to co-operate with it in producing one and the same effect, but with greater power than that which could be produced by the voice alone.

I am well aware, it may be objected here, that the greater the force of the instruments the more they will be apt to overpower the voice, and, of consequence, to destroy the principal source of expression, namely, the sense of connection between the words and the notes; and, perhaps, it may not be very easy to convince those who are not conversant with music how it is possible this should not be the case. All those, however, who have been accustomed to hear good music well performed, will be satisfied on recollection that, in this kind of airs, they have often heard a very numerous orchestra exert all its powers, without in the least covering the voice, or disguising the sense. And the reason is simply this, that what is called the "*fortissimo*," or extreme force of the orchestra, is not continued uniformly throughout the accompaniment, which would, indeed, have the effect of completely drowning the voice, but that this extreme exertion is instantaneously called forth, either in those particular notes which are peculiarly significant of the rhythm, such as the first of the bar, &c., or on some note or notes where the sense itself requires it; after which the *piano* or *hush* of the orchestra immediately takes place, bearing the voice, excepting in such instantaneous lightnings of sound, if I may be allowed the expression, eminently superior throughout, nor ever playing for any length of time with the same continued, or with

increasing force, excepting in the case of some climax in the expression, where the words have either been already heard, or in which, at least, their sense, even were they not distinctly heard, cannot, from the general tenor of the air, be mistaken.

This extraordinary swell from all the parts of the orchestra is, in general, practised with great success at the conclusion of such airs, in which, supposing the words even not to be understood (any further than they can be guessed at from the context, and by the action of the speaker), the effect they are intended to have on the audience is more happily obtained than it could be by the clear articulation of them, unaccompanied by that torrent of passion, if I may so speak, which may be produced by this united exertion of all the instrumental parts. For it must be likewise observed that passion, when very violent, is expressed not so much by the words of the speaker as by other signs—the tones of the voice, the action of the face, and the gesture; inasmuch, that I am confident I have heard many airs of this kind, in which, had the actor, without speaking a note, looked and acted his part with propriety, nobody would have been at a loss to judge either of the kind or of the degree of passion by which he seemed actuated. Rousseau, somewhere in his works, makes a very ingenious observation, the truth of which the Italian composers seem evidently to have felt. That, as violent passion has a tendency to choke the voice, so, in the expression of it by musical sounds, a *roulade*, which is a regular succession of notes up or down, or both, rapidly pronounced on one vowel, has often a more powerful effect than distinct articulation. Such passages are sometimes introduced in airs of this kind; and, though I cannot help giving my assent to Rousseau's observation, yet I must, at the same time, confess that they are too apt to be abused, and that, if continued for any length of time, they have always appeared to me unnatural. Upon the whole, I hope, however, it must be evident, even to those who are not conversant with music, that, in the expression of the more violent passions, the instrumental parts may have a greater latitude than in other kinds of airs, in which the emotions being more moderate, the expression of them depends proportionally more on the force of the words, and less on the tone and action with which they are accompanied. But, whatever may be the effect of airs of this kind, when properly led by the circumstances of the piece and explained by the character of the speaker, your Lordship must see with what impropriety they are introduced, as is frequently the case, in our concerts, where, without the audience being apprised either of the interest of the piece, or the nature of the characters, they are sung by a fellow standing bolt upright, with one hand in his side, and the other in his breeches-pocket, and where, into the bargain, the unmerciful scrapers of our orchestra, taking the advantage of the *fortissimo*, which they find now and then written above the notes of their parts, seem to vie with one another, who shall most effectually overpower, throughout, both the voice of the singer and the melody of the song. It is this kind of ignorant selection, and murderous execution, which give sensible people a distaste to Italian music in general; nor can they surely be blamed for thinking it absurd, that a man should say what cannot, in the nature of things, be heard, and that all that violent fracas and noise of instruments is a most ridiculous accompaniment to the affected immobility and unmeaning simper of the singer. But to return to the subject; your Lordship will perceive, that between those most violent expressions, and those that are least so, which this class comprehends, there must be an almost infinite variety, in respect both of kind and degree. I shall, therefore, content myself with giving your Lordship examples of the principal divisions only, and shall begin by that kind which I mentioned before as taking up expression, where the *aria di mezzo carattere* leaves it, and as being of this nature, that it might even be sometimes difficult to decide which of these classes it belonged to:—

Del sen gli ardori
Nessun mi vanti:
Non soffro amori;
Non voglio amanti;
Tropo mi è cara
La libertà.

(Let no one boast to me the ardours of his bosom. I suffer not loves; I am adverse to lovers; my liberty is too dear to me.)

Se fosse ognuno
Così sincero,
Meno importuno
Sarrebbe il vero
Saria più rara
L'infedeltà.

(If every one were as sincere, truth would be less offensive, and infidelity more rare.)

If the words of this air were put in the mouth of a gay young

girl, thus carelessly signifying her insensibility to love and her desire of liberty, it might with propriety be so composed as to rank with the airs *di mezzo carattere*, and would be well expressed by that pleasing, though unimpassioned, *cantilena*, which is characteristic of that class. But if, on the other hand, we suppose them spoken with a degree of earnestness to an importunate lover, in order to get rid of him, it must, in that case, certainly be so composed as to belong to the first division of the *aria parlante*.

In the following example no such uncertainty can take place, the degree of passion, or of interest, at least, expressed by it, referring it plainly to this last class. Achilles speaks it, about to leave Deidamia:—

Dille che si consoli,
Dille che m'ami e dille,
Che parti fido Achille
Che fido tornera.

(Tell her to be comforted; tell her to love me; and tell her that Achilles left her faithful, that faithful he will return.)

Che a suoi bei occhi soli
Fia che 'l mio cor si stempre
Che l' idol mio fu sempre
Che l' idol mio fara.

(That her charms alone shall have the sovereignty of my heart; that she ever was, that she ever shall, be my only love.)

In order to be as explicit as possible, I shall give your Lordship two other examples from the same piece, which, with regard to the expression, seem nearly equal in degree, though widely different in kind. Deidamia, reproaching Achilles for want of affection, says:—

No, ingrata, amor non senti;
O se pur senti amore,
Per non vuoi del cor
Per me la pace.

(No, ungrateful! thou feelest not love; or if, indeed, thou feelest it, thou art not willing, for my sake, to lose the peace of thy bosom.)

Ami; se te 'l rammenti,
E puoi senza penar,
Amare e disamar
Quando ti piace.]

(Perhaps thou lovest; but remember, thou canst not love, and without pain, cease to love at pleasure.)

The other is put in the mouth of Achilles, on his suspicion of being deprived of his mistress by a rival:—

Il volarmi il mio tesoro!
Ah dov'è quest' alma ardita?
A da togliermi la vita
Che vuol togliermi il mio ben.

(Rob me of my treasure! Ah, where is this presumptuous soul? He must first take my life who would rob me of my love.)

M' avvilisce in queste spoglie
Il poter di due pupille;
Ma lo so ch'io sono Achille,
Ma mi sento Achille in sen.

(The power of too bright eyes disgraces me in these weeds; but I know—I feel, that I am Achilles.)

Though the general acceleration of speech common to each of these airs, and which, therefore, brings them under the same class, be, perhaps, nearly equal in both, yet the skilful composer will nicely discriminate, not only between the warlike audacity of Achilles, and the feminine softness of Dudanio, but also between the expression of disappointed affection in the former, and of jealous resentment in the latter. Brown.

(Letter VII. to be continued in our next.)

MOURN THEM NOT.*

On the hills the day is dying;
In my heart a low replying,
Hope and Joy their farewell sighing,
Mourn them not! Oh mourn them not!
Night shall come with starry glory;
Dawn shall tell a fairer story,
Lighting up the mountains hoary—
Mourn them not! Oh mourn them not!

* Copyright.

Rose-leaves one by one are falling;
Autumn hues the forest palling;
Merle and mavis farewell calling—
Mourn them not! Oh mourn them not!
Robins sing with cadence cheery;
Memories last, tho' life be dreary,
Rest is welcome to the weary.
Mourn them not! Oh mourn them not!

JETTY VOGEL.

HERMANN KRIGAR.*

Hermann Krigar, Royal Prussian Music-Director, a man highly esteemed in musical circles here, died on the 5th September. Born on the 3rd April, 1819, he was at first intended for a painter but, when 24 years of age, devoted himself to his favourite art, music. After studying in Leipsic under Mendelssohn, Schumann, Hauptmann, Fink, and Knorr, he returned to Berlin in 1845. His compositions, especially of songs and quartets, gained him many friends, but he wrote few more important works. He was, also, successful as a writer on musical subjects. He was on terms of friendship with the publisher of this paper, and during several years compiled with great care for the firm of Bote & Bock the *Musiker Kalender*, which afterwards served as a model for that excellent work, *Eichberg's Kalender*. Hermann Krigar was a man of an amiable disposition, whose memory will always be held in respect.

PAMPELUNA.—Sarasate is here in his native town, where he might with advantage perpetually reside. On returning home a short time since, he found a crowd, begging him to play. A few minutes afterwards he appeared on the balcony, fiddle under arm. But a fair was going on close by, and the noise of trumpets, drums, gongs, street-singers, barrel-organs, &c., made it impossible to hear him. An alguazil hereupon started off to the fair with a request that the noise might temporarily cease, as their countryman, Sarasate, the famous violinist, was about to make a more harmonious noise for the gratification of certain compatriots under several of his windows in the neighbouring square. The request was granted; even carts were stopped, so as not to interfere. Sarasate then suddenly executed a Spanish dance, the effect of which upon the crowd may be easier imagined than described. At the bull-fights, Sarasate was also a hero. Not only the Toreadors, but the bulls, previously infuriated, receiving him with enthusiastic cries. The second bull, when killed, was, as a matter of grace, presented to him. From Pampeluna he proceeds to Norway—where there are no toreadors, though at one time there was a (n Ole) Bull—*vid* Hamburg, where, though bulls are frequent and reasons plentiful as Blackberries, he intends giving a concert. ("Give me the Sunny South," said John Hullah. Give me the moony North—says Dr Blüdtge.)

RENAN AND THE TEMPEST.—*Le Temps* of Tuesday began the publication of *Eau de Jouvence*, a continuation of *Caliban*, which Mr Ernest Renan published in the same journal last year. In an address to the readers Mr Renan explains how he came to write *Eau de Jouvence*, how last August he went to Ischia to escape from the pains that winter always brings for him, how he found everything just the same as he had seen it two years before, and how he began to think again of Caliban, Prospero, and Ariel, who had already been his companions there, and how those dear images began once more to talk amongst themselves in his brain. "At first," says Mr Renan, "I had thought of a continuation of *Caliban*, the idea of which would certainly have delighted the conservatives. Prospero would have been re-established in his duchy of Milan; Ariel, resuscitated, would have placed himself at the head of the revenge of the *purs*. Then I saw what disadvantages such a plan had. I love Prospero, but I hardly love the people who would re-establish him on his throne. Caliban, improved by power, pleases me better. . . . Prospero is superior reason deprived momentarily of its authority over the inferior parts of humanity. His magic and supernatural engines are now without force. At present Prospero must renounce all dreams of restoration by means of his ancient arms. Caliban, in reality, renders us better service than Prospero would do if he were restored by Jesuits and Papal Zouaves. Far from being a renaissance, Prospero's Government in the present circumstances would be a crushing. I thought then that it would be better to show the eternal magician, feeble and disarmed, following up his problem of power by science, than to restore to him his ridiculous little duchy of Milan. I still believe that reason, that is to say science, will again succeed ultimately in creating force, that is to say Government, in humanity. But for the moment, all that could be restored would be the very negation of science and of reason. It is not worth while to change. Let us keep Caliban. Let us try to find means of honourably burying Prospero, and of attaching Ariel to life in such a way that he may no longer be tempted, for futile motives, to die in season and out of season." Upon this theme Mr Renan has begun to embroider a charming philosophic comedy, in which we seem to catch a glimpse of things modern in the atmosphere of universality which he has thrown around his characters. Caliban is a sort of personification of the people, if you will, but he resembles at moments Gambetta, while the old courtiers of Prospero bear a striking likeness to the reactionary members of the Chamber of Deputies, who interrupt business by imitating the sounds of beasts.—*The Parisian*.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF HECTOR BERLIOZ.*

These autographic letters were communicated to us by M. Strauss, Berlioz's partner in getting up in Paris the Exhibition Festival of 1844. We find the very natural preface to it in the 52nd chapter of the celebrated French symphonist's *Memoirs*. At page 161, Berlioz says:—

"I was supporting with less resignation than ever the drawbacks of my position, when, in 1844, the Exhibition of Industrial Products was held in Paris. It was about to terminate. Chance (the unknown god who plays so great a part in my life) caused me to meet in a café Strauss, the conductor of the fashionable balls. We began talking about the near closing of the Exhibition, and the possibility of giving in the immense building, where it was held, and which would soon be empty, a genuine Festival dedicated to the exhibitors. 'I have thought of it for a long time,' I said to Strauss, 'but, after making all my calculations of musical statistics, I was stopped by one difficulty, that of being allowed the use of the building.' 'That difficulty is not insurmountable,' replied Strauss eagerly. 'I am very intimate with M. Sénac, Secretary to the Minister of Commerce. It is he who directs all matters connected with French arts and manufactures; he can enable us to carry out the project.' Despite the enthusiasm displayed by my companion, I myself remained rather cold. It was, however, agreed before we took leave of each other, that we should call together the next day on M. Sénac, and that, if he held out any hope of our obtaining the Exhibition Building, we would consider the subject more seriously. Without altogether pledging himself, when we formulated our desire, M. de Sénac, did not discourage us. He promised we should have a speedy answer. We received it at the expiration of a few days and it was favourable. We had now to obtain the authorisation of M. Delessert, the Prefect of Police. We made him acquainted with our plan, which was to give in the Exhibition Building a three days' Festival, consisting of a concert, a ball, and a banquet for Exhibitors. Strauss's idea of making people dance, eat, and drink, after the concert, would no doubt have been highly profitable; but M. Delessert, as a prefect always apprehending popular risings and plots, would hear nothing of banquet, or ball, or music either, and simply prohibited the Festival altogether. This struck me as carrying prudence to the height of absurdity. I spoke to M. Bertin about it; he agreed with me and induced M. Duchâtel, the Minister of the Interior, to share the same opinion. M. Duchâtel immediately sent the Prefect an order to let us at all events give a musical performance, and the Prefect found himself obliged to authorise a grand serious concert on the first day, and, on the second, under Strauss's direction, a so-called popular or promenade concert, with dance-music, waltzes, polkas, and galops, but no dancing. This was tantamount to depriving us of the certain profit of the enterprise. Even then M. Delessert dreaded the danger the State might incur by our orchestras, our choruses, and the persons who, in the middle of the day, would, for the purpose of hearing them, direct their footsteps to the centre of the Champs-Élysées. How could anyone be sure that Strauss and I were not conspirators disguised as musicians! . . . I was satisfied, however, with being enabled to organise and conduct a gigantic concert, and I limited my hopes to succeeding musically without losing in the venture all I possessed."

Here is the original plan, as submitted, in Hector Berlioz's own hand, to the Prefect of Police, in March, 1844:—

"MONSIEUR LE PRÉFET,—The towns of Germany and England get up, on certain occasions, musical festivals which interest in the highest degree the lovers of art and are, at the same time, a source of noble enjoyment for the people. A few towns in the north of France have followed this example; Paris, however, has not yet had a genuine Festival. There is now an opportunity of rendering it acquainted with the effect and importance of such solemnities. It is proposed, after the closing of the Exhibition, to organise, from the 3rd to the 6th August, in the immense locality where the Exhibition was held, a grand Festival on the following plan: On the first day, Saturday, from two o'clock to five, there would be a concert, at which important compositions, on subjects connected with grand and national ideas, would be executed, under the direction of M. Berlioz, one of the persons signing this document, by a thousand musicians constituting the entire united available vocal and instrumental resources of Paris, Versailles, Rouen, and Orleans, strengthened by contingents from the principal Philharmonic Societies in the Departments. On the third day (Monday), a grand ball (also in the day-time) would bring together again the more well-to-do of the concert audience. M. Strauss would conduct. The price of tickets for admission to the concerts would be ten francs, five francs, and three francs. The ball-tickets would cost

ten francs each. Places would be purchased in advance at different offices opened for the purpose. Five hundred persons only would be admitted on the payment of ten francs to the grand rehearsal held the evening before the concert. Lastly, a subscription dinner, presided over by the principal manufacturers and exhibitors, would terminate the Festival.

"The Minister of Commerce, to whom we have submitted our project, greatly approves of it, and thinks that such an entertainment offered to the representatives of Arts and Manufactures would becomingly crown the solemnity of the Exhibition. The means of carrying it out are at our command, if we are enabled to begin our preparations early enough. For this, Monsieur le Préfet, your authorisation and support are necessary, and we now ask both, begging that, if the project strikes you as worthy of encouragement, you will specify the conditions imposed by the exigencies of public security. Perhaps you will kindly allow us to call and give you, orally, more ample details on the subject.—We remain respectfully, Monsieur le Préfet, your very humble servants,

H. BERLIOZ. J. STRAUSS.

(To be continued.)

MR THORNDIKE.

The following original translation of an article written by one of the first of Wurtembergian critics in the leading Stuttgart Journal, has been forwarded to us for insertion. We have much pleasure in complying.

"Although a concert at this season of the year is somewhat unusual the Concertsaal of the Liederhalle was very fairly filled, mostly by English and Americans who wished to hear their countrymen, a Baritone from London—The Singer possesses a baritone voice of great compass and richness, also pleasant colorature and excellent school.

His execution is magnificent and his whole, very musical style of singing has something very pleasing and sweet, and often touching in it. The songs of which he sang nearly a dozen were partly Italian, partly English and German. It is a proof of the Artist's superiority that he sings in the other languages as well as his own. Particularly pleasant and interesting were the 'Canzone del Toreador' from 'Carmen,' 'The fate of a Rose' 'The Millers daughter' and 'To Anthea,' the singing of which caused the most lively applause and 'Encores.' Among the German songs, 'Der Neugierige,' 'Du bist wie eine Blume,' and 'Widmung' particularly the last succeeded in winning most deserved applause as also the conclusion song 'Maid of Athens.'—*Neue Tagblatt, Sept. 21.*

Our English singers and their American cousins might do good service by introducing some more of their native-grown lyrics in foreign countries. J. L. Hatton's "Anthea," however, is alone a magnificent specimen.—*Dr Blügel.*

PROVINCIAL.

TORQUAY.—On Monday Mr Traverer's opera company opened at the Royal Theatre and Opera House, under the management of Mr Charles Daly, when *Il Trovatore* was performed. On Tuesday we had *La Traviata*, with Mdle Annette Albu, a charming vocalist, as Violetta Valery.

Michot, the tenor, who has been necrologised by all the French papers, is alive and hearty.—*Parisian.*

MUSIC AND DANCING.—The European Concert seems likely to end with a Breakdown.—*Punch.*

THERE is no truth that the famous Adolphe Sax has been summoned to Bayreuth to invent new instruments (none hitherto in existence serving) for *Parsifal*.

SHAVER SILVER AT HIS BEST.—On the 18th of next month Her Majesty's Theatre will be opened by Mr Armit, who has been for some time past associated with the management of that establishment, for a season of Italian opera. All that has hitherto been made known in connection with this enterprise is that Signor Ponchielli's *La Gioconda* will not be performed.—(*St James's Gazette.*)

SO GREAT is the interest manifested in the musical festival at Leeds, now fast approaching, that already, though the opening is nearly three weeks distant, the whole of the second seats for the first performance, at which the Duke of Edinburgh will be present, are sold, while few others remain undisposed of. The booking for other performances is also proceeding rapidly, applications coming in from Scotland, Ireland, and the West of England.—*Leeds Express.*

* From *Le Ménestrel*.

STEWART OF WOLVERHAMPTON.

We have to record the death at the age of 83, of Dr Stewart, for upwards of half a century a practised physician at Wolverhampton. Dr Stewart, an ardent lover of music, was famous among the amateurs of past days as a player on the viola. His name is associated with several inventions connected with the piano and fiddle, the most notable being that of the Euphonic, a Greek instrument comprising seven octaves, and a key-board identical with that of the piano. The action and frame were constructed with a view to deliberate durability and elegance symmetrical. Three sound-boards were used, graduating in size, and answering to the relations of violin, tenor, and violoncello. The frame, entirely of iron, leaving the strings exposed, thus gave to the instrument a consummately harp-like apparition. The quality of tone was winningly dulcet. The Euphonic was manufactured by Messrs Cramer & Beale about the year 1846. Whether in consequence of inadequate power, or unremunerative outlay, the idea was ultimately abandoned. A specimen of this peculiar invention may be seen in the South Kensington Museum. Dr Stewart was possessor of several rare works of the English, French, and Italian composers, and some fine instruments, among which were two violas by Gaspard da Salo. X. Y. Z.

LIST OF WORKS PRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME
AT THE COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

"Entr'acte Sevillana"	Massenet
"Serenade from Quartett"	Haydn
"Ballet Music" (Feramorz)	Rubinstein
"Selection" (Mignon)	Liszt
"Polacca for Pianoforte and Orchestra" (Weber)	Rameau
"Rigaudon de Dardanus"	Monsigny
"Chaconne and Rigaudon d'Aline"	Haydn
"Symphony in C"	Coven
"Dance of the Almas" (Cossair)	W. Austin
"Overture" (The Camp)	Coven
"Incidental Music" (The Maid of Orleans)	Saint-Saëns
"Phaëton"	Engel
"Scherzo" (Elle et Lui)	Raff
"March, 'Lenore' Symphony"	Schumann
"Symphony in E flat"	Verdi
"Ballet Music" (Sicilian Vespers)	Adam
"Overture" (Le Roi d'Yvetot)	W. Bendall
"Shepherds' Song and Dance"	Coven
"Air de Ballet" (Pauline)	W. Macfarren
"Symphony in B flat"	W. Macfarren
"Selection" (Pirates of Penzance)	Weber
"Concerto in C"	Wagner
"Wotan's Farewell"	Gluck
"Gavotte" (Armide)	Mozart
"Symphony in B flat" (No. 11)	Auber
"Ballet Music" (Gustave)	Rheinberger
"Concerto in A flat"	Berlioz
"Dance and March" (Faust)	F. Corder
"Suite for Orchestra"	Harold Thomas
"Overture"	Anderton
"Allemande in F"	L. Albrecht
"March"	Burnett
"Selection" (Rose Maïlen)	Schumann
"Romance" (Autumn)	Dvorak
"Entr'actes" (Manfred)	Viscount Dupplin
"Slavonian Dances"	Paganini
"Gavotte"	G. A. Macfarren
"Moto Perpetuo"	Sterndale Bennett
"Festival Overture"	Liszt
"Cantata" (The May Queen)	Ponchielli
"Fantasia" (Ruins of Athens)	Liszt
"Dance of the Hours"	Parker
"Rhapsodie Hongroise for Orchestra"	Mozart
"Minuet"	Gadsby
"Selection" (Polyxete)	J. F. Barnett
"Symphony in D" (No. 8)	T. Matthay
"Overture" (Andromeda)	Massenet
"Concerto for Flute"	Saint-Saëns
"Overture"	Saint-Saëns
"Scènes Napolitaines"	Saint-Saëns
"Danse des Pretresses and Bacchanale"	Saint-Saëns
"Selection" (Fille du Tambour Major)	Rubinstein
"Symphony" (Ocean)	Rubinstein

"Concerto in B flat" (No. 4)	Mozart
"Kaiser March"	Wagner
"New Selection" (Carmen)	Coward
"Gipsy Dance"	Clay
"Cantata" (Lalla Rookh)	Mendelssohn
"Symphony in C minor"	Gluck
"Airs de Ballet" (Iphigénie)	Haydn
"Symphony in B flat" (No. 12)	Glinka
"Kamarinskaja"	Mozart
"Village Musicians"	Weber
"Turandot"	Scherz (Goke?)
"Humorous Meditations"	Romberg
"Toy Symphony"	Burnett
"Overture" (A Winter's Tale)	O. Prescott
"Andante from Symphony"	Shakespeare
"Overture in D"	Rooke
"Overture" (Henrique)	R. Smith
"Fantasia, 'Honorio'"	Massenet
"Scènes Pittoresques"	Jackson
"Overture" (Bride of Abydos)	Coven
"Cantata" (The Rose Maiden)	Barnett
"Dances" (Hagobert)	A. G. Thomas
"Overture"	G. Carter
"March"	Hérold
"Overture" (Les Trojeurs)	Haydn
"Toy Symphony"	Kellenus
"Bourrée"	

In all 80 pieces, including 5 new selections, and not including numerous new pieces of dance music and songs.

[About this more remains to be said. The other half the battle asks for contemplative inquiry, and redounds as much to the credit of Messrs Gatti, and their magnanimous Generalissimo Cowen, as the first.—D. B.]

LOVE LIVES FOR AYE.*

Have you watched in the golden gloaming The light o'er the distant hills? Have you seen as a halo of beauty The shimmer on mountain rills? Have you noted the shadows declining As day wends onward to-night? So the glory of rare wondrous beauty Fades till the morning's soft light	I dreamt that these words were wafted To my cot on a mountain side, They came on the breezes of eventide To me, he wooed for his bride. But it seemed there was also a warning Speaking of holier things, And I fancied I heard the sweet music From angels—on angel wings.
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In this self-same hour, in a far off land,
My love with his dying breath
Sent me a message, and these were his words:
"Love lives for aye after death"—
So I know he is now with the angels,
I weep not, for morning will rise
On him in the golden valley of flowers,
Where sunshine of love never dies.

* Copyright.

MRS HENRY P. WHITCOMBE.

MARIE VAN ZANDT.—Miss Marie Van Zandt has had one of the most brilliant successes on record in Copenhagen. The tickets were sold each evening at double and treble prices, and the Danish public received the young singer in the most enthusiastic manner. The King and Queen and all the members of the Royal Family were present at every performance, and personally complimented the young prima donna. A curious event occurred during her engagement, and is worth recording. It is a strict rule in Denmark that no artist is permitted to acknowledge the applause of the public or to appear before the curtain until the end of the performance. One evening the applause was so great that the public refused to listen to the other artists, and even hissed them. Miss Van Zandt did not know what to do, and sent for the manager, who, after hesitating an instant, told her that she must appear one moment on the stage in order to let the opera continue. At last the young lady tripped out, and was received by the audience with rapturous applause. The excitement was intense, as such a thing had not been done for 150 years. Thus the incident passed off pleasantly; even the newspapers spoke approvingly of the innovation.—Parisian.

WAIFS.

Naudin has been singing at Palermo.

Gustav Ungar is engaged at the Stadttheater, Strassburg.

Verger, barytone, is re-engaged at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

A *buffo* opera, *Bayhana*, has been produced at Buenos Ayres.

Mdme Wilt has been singing at the National Theatre, Pesth.

A theatre capable of holding 1,000 persons is in course of erection at Tivoli.

The Municipality of Verona have resolved to restore the old Amphitheatre.

Sig. Furlanetto, who died recently in Venice, has left an MS. opera, *Sansone*.

The operatic season at Kroll's, Berlin, was brought to a close with *Die Zauberflöte*.

Anton Rubinstein has completed a new Symphony. (How good of him!—ROSSINI.)

Theodor Henschel's *Lancelot* will be performed this season at the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

The Italian Government has given 7,000 francs towards repairing the theatre at Parma.

The *Salvator Rosa* of Carlo Gomez was performed on the 20th August in Rio Janeiro.

A journal dedicated to the musical instrument trade will shortly be published in Leipsic.

The tenor, Michot, of the Grand Opera and Théâtre-Lyrique, Paris, has died of apoplexy.

Stella Bonheur is engaged at the Teatro dal Verme, Milan, to play the heroine in *Carmen*.

Lecocq's *Jolie Persane* has been performed in Hungarian at the Nepszínház Theatre, Pesth.

Constantin Sternberg, the young Russian pianist, has begun a series of concerts in New York.

An opera, *Don Cesare de Bazan*, by Sparapini, barytone, will be produced at the Theatre, Havannah.

La Petite Demoiselle, by Lecocq, will be performed at the end of December at the Teatro Apollo, Madrid.

Mdme Caroline Salla has started for St Petersburg, where she will make her re-appearance as Mignon.

A spectacular *zorzuela*, called *El Doctor Tanner*, is in rehearsal at the Teatro Principe Alfonso, Madrid.

Miss Thursby will sing at Baden on the 7th inst. From Baden she proceeds to Vienna for a series of concerts.

Max Bruch's cantata, *Das Lied der Glocke*, was given at the Detroit Musical Festival for the first time in America.

Ad. Wallnöfer, song-composer, will make a concert tour this winter in Germany. (Is it possible?—Dr Wülfge.)

A musical festival is announced in Baltimore, U.S., to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the foundation of that city.

A new opera, *Le Notte Romane*, by Sig. Burgio di Villafiorita, has been produced at Adria. (Happy Adria!—Dr Wülfge.)

Mr J. Rosenthal, the well-known professor of the violin, has returned from his usual summer resort, the Isle of Thanet.

Joseffy will be the solo artist at the first Philharmonic Concert at the Academy of Music, New York, on the 13th November.

Wilhelm Westmeyer, author of two operas, *Armanda* and *Der Wald von Hermannstadt*, died lately, aged forty-eight, at Bonn.

Teschner, Royal Prussian Professor, and author of works on singing, has left Berlin to settle in Dresden. (*Per Hercle!*—Dr Wülfge.) The Emperor Wilhelm has conferred the Order of the Crown, Fourth Class, on Tschirch, the composer of the "Nacht auf dem Meere."

Professor Julius Schneider celebrates on the 15th inst his 50th anniversary as organist of the Werder Church, Berlin. (Oh!—Dr Wülfge.)

Von Badányi, the "heroic tenor," will appear this month as Raoul, Vasco di Gama, and Rhadames, at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

The Town Theatre of Santiago, Chili, will be opened next year for Italian opera by a company of capitalists headed by Ducci, of Florence.

Mdme Canetta, of Barcelona, is engaged for four months at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, as *prima ballerina*, to replace Mdme Era, (indisposed).

Consolini has resigned his post as chapelmaster at the church of San Gaudenzio, Novara, for that of singing professor at the Istituto Musicale, Padua.

Felix Mottl, of Vienna—not Herr Emil Steinbach, as previously announced—succeeds Herr Dessoff as conductor at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Karlsruhe.

Robert Fischhof, the very rising young pianist, will perform M. Saint-Saëns' first Concerto, with orchestral accompaniment, on the 15th inst. in Vienna.

The Istituto Popolare, founded by Puccini, Martini, Avallone, and Funghini, for gratuitous instruction in music, was to open on the 1st inst. at Leghorn.

Hector Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*, revived by Herr Hans von Bulow two years ago, has again been performed at the Theatre Royal, Hanover, but with by no means equal success.

Mdme Eugénie Coulon, the esteemed pianist, has returned to London, after passing her vacation in France, visiting Paris, Dieppe, and Boulogne-sur-Mer, where her talent and amiable manners have been thoroughly appreciated.

The death is announced of Miss Geraldine Jewesbury, in Burwood Place, Hyde Park, on Wednesday, the 22nd inst., in the 66th year of her age. Well known in the literary world some 25 years back, as authoress and poet, she was an intimate friend of the late Lady Morgan, with whom she resided until her death, and by whose side she is interred in Kensal Green Cemetery.

SIGNOR SCHIRA.—L'illustre m.^o Comm. Schira, professore nell'Istituto musicale di Londra, è ripartito per quella capitale. Egli ebbe incarico di far una relazione sulle condizioni del Teatro musicale italiano in Inghilterra.—Poiché parliamo di questo nostro concittadino, tanto stimato ed onorato all'estero, rammentiamo quanto a torto i nostri Impresari abbiano dimenticato, od ignorino, le bellissime opere del m.^o Schira, compositore che alla scienza accoppia i rari pregi della melodia e dell'originalità. Ringrazi gli Editori, che hanno comperato le sue opere per tenerle all'ombra!—*Il Trovatore*, Sept. 26.

The *Monde Artiste* has calculated the time generally taken to perform in Paris each of the various well-known operas and comic operas. Here is the result of its calculations: *Guillaume Tell*, 4 hours, 50 minutes; *Robert le Diable* and *La Reine de Chypre*, 4h. 45m. each; *L'Africaine*, 4h. 40m.; *Faust*, *Hamlet*, and *Les Huguenots*, 4h. 40m. each; *La Juive*, 4h. 25m.; *Charles VI.* and *Le Prophète*, 4h. 15m. each; *Romeo et Juliette* and *Aida*, 4h. each; *Paul et Virginie*, 3h. 35m.; *Un Ballo in Maschera* and *La Favourite*, 3h. 25m. each; *La Reine de Saba* and *La Perle du Brésil*, 3h. 10m. each; *La Muette* and *Il Trovatore*, 3h. each; *Martha* and *Der Freischütz*, 2h. 45m. each; *Lucia*, 2h. 40m.; *Violetta*, *Rigoletto*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Don Pasquale*, 2h. 30m. each; and *Le Philtre*, 2h. The list of comic operas is headed by *Carmen*, which takes 3 hours, 40 minutes; then come *Lara*, *Mignon*, and *Piccolino*, 3h. 30m. each; *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, 3h. 15m. each; *Les Dragons de Villars*, *Zampa*, *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*, and *La Dame Blanche*, 3h. 10m. each; *Le Pré-aux-Clercs*, 3h. 7m.; *Le Cheval de Bronze* and *Giralda*, 3h. each; *Fra Diavolo*, 2h. 50m.; *L'Ombre* and *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* (*Dinorah*), 2h. 45m. each; *Mireille*, 2h. 14m.; *La Fille du Regiment*, *Le Domino Noir*, and *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, 2h. 15m. each; *Le Chalet* and *Le Nouveau Seigneur du Village*, 1h. 15m.; *Maitre Pathelin*, *Le Chien du Jardinier*, *Les Noces de Jeannette*, *L'Epreuve Villageoise*, and *Gille Ravisseur*, 1h. 10m. each; and, lastly, *Le Maitre de Chapelle* and *Bonsoir, Voisin*, 50m. each.

BALLAD.*

<p>I. And art thou lost, ah! lost to me, My own dear treasur'd one? Thy sil'ry voice no more I hear, Its gentle tones are gone. Torn by rude hands thou now art dead, Once pure and lovely gem; But oh! I trust in heav'n you wear A spotless diadem.</p>	<p>II. I seek the dark meandering sea, Its melancholy flow Alone brings any peace to me, Or soothes my heartfelt woe. In vain my weary, wandering eye Looks vacantly around, And gazes on the midnight sky Till thought is dead to sound.</p>
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III.
E'en memory, in its caverns deep,
Treasures the youthful vow.
In dreams I wake, but oh! to weep,
And say, where art thou now?
Alone I am, but hush! I see
A refuge for my grief,
The grave will keep all thought from me;
Ah yes, 'twill bring relief.

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